

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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Moonrezzzer by Art Blue

Relay For Life by Jami Mills

The Silence After by Emily Hamelin

Photo Hunt by Hitomi Tamatzui

Artist or Arsonist by Edger Sweetwater

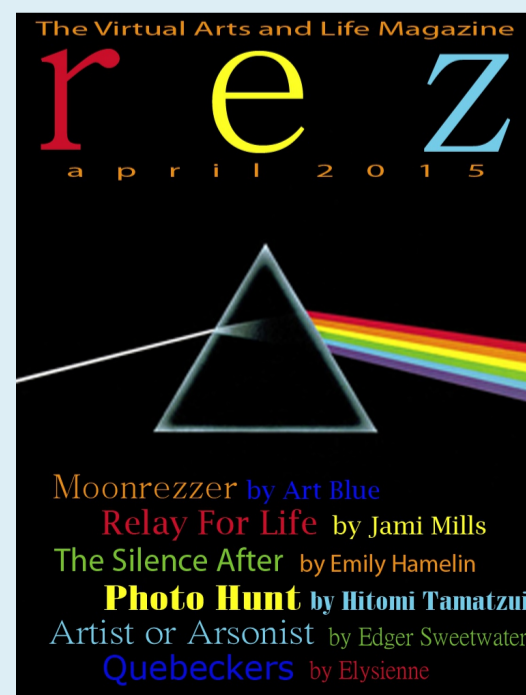
Quebeckers by Elysienne

CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **The Moonrezzor: The Springfield Bet** Art Blue makes a wager that he already knows he's going to win. How? Because he knows more than anyone about one thing: the Future.
- **Cloudrezzor** Art Blue's AI, the bookish (and quite handsome) owl, Neruval, provides his own unique perspective on the trustworthiness of computer programs in light of recent events.
- **Fashionable Shedding** Crap Mariner has another problem. How to pick out clothes that match his cats' fur color.
- **Relay For Life** Jami Mills gives us some historical background on The American Cancer Society's hugely successful fundraiser, and looks into one team, the CDS Hooters Philanthropic Society.
- **The Silence After** Emily Hamelin brings to a breathtaking conclusion her astonishing work of short fiction, leaving us hoping desperately for a sequel. Enjoy this gripping finale with a twist.
- **PhotoHunt** Hitomi Tamatzui is at it again, this time signing up for an LEA photo competition where everyone is a winner.
- **Quebeckers** In case you haven't been exposed to the visceral truth-telling of Elysienne, this would be a good time to experience her unbridled passion and the connections to her noble roots.

About the Cover: Whenever we think of the Moon, we think of the Moon we see. Art Blue thinks about the Moon we don't see. Pink Floyd pondered this as well when they came up with the album cover for their 8th studio album, "The Dark Side of the Moon."





After Dark Lounge

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Idle Rogue Present

★ LE CIRQUE DE NU

APRIL 3RD, 4TH AND 5TH AT

at Idle Rogue

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7PM

Each month this year, we are including one of the months from Bryn Oh's 2015 Calendar, which was produced by Art Blue with the help of Ziki Questi and Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to several of the most well-respected museums in the world, in his single-handed

effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

“The ‘Exquisite Corpse’ concept forms the basis of April’s ‘The Path,’ where each artist passes along in succession his or her own contribution, until all the pieces are stitched together in an unanticipated whole. Bryn’s stunning insects played a large role in this one-of-a-kind exhibit with SL’s finest artists.”

Jami Mills

Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art



april



The Path

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Based on the Surrealist “Exquisite Corpse” concept, The Path is a collaboration of nine prominent artists: Bryn Oh, Colin Fizgig, Marcus Inkpen, Desdemona Enfeld, Douglas Story, Maya Paris, claudia222 Jewel, Scotius Polke and Rose Borchovski.



The Moon Part Two

The Springfield
Bet on the Moon

by

rezzner



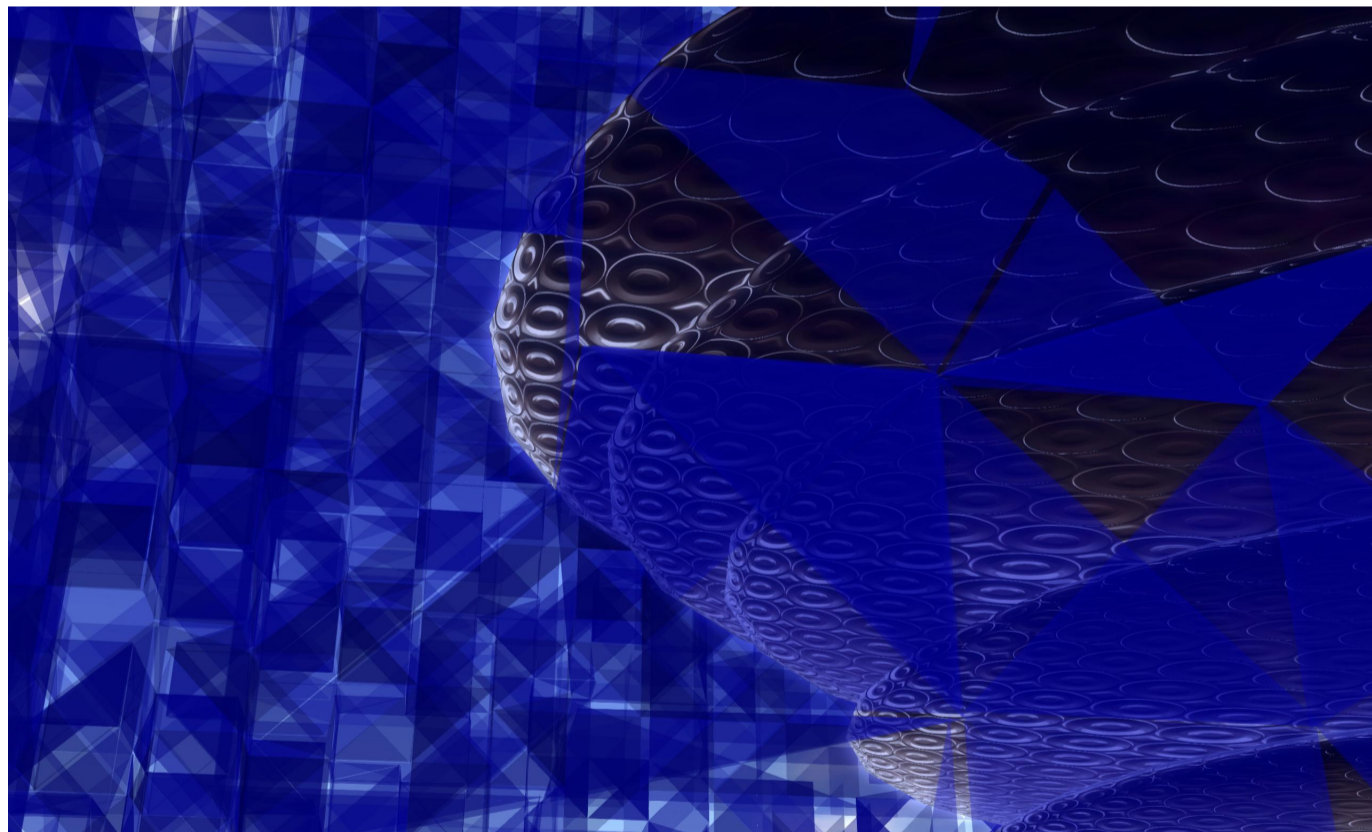
Art Blue

In Part One of *The Moonrezzer*, I said a new language is needed, the language of the Moon, as all things will turn upside down in the very near future. I don't speak of 100 years ahead like in my story *The Perfect 10*, which was recently published in *rez Magazine*. I speak of the next 10 to 20 years. Nothing will be in our western society as we have it now. Of course, my focus stays on technology and the arts. I don't speak of climate change, of new forms of energy, of the ways agriculture will be done or cars will be manufactured and used. "STOP!" Neruval, the owl AI on my shoulders, says. "Cars I shall not miss as many readers know much about cars."

The Google Car

In ten years, "Google certified cars" will be in mass production. You shall find in cities like Los Angeles most cars steered by Google software, developed in its X-lab. Kids may then ask you when you speak about the time you got your driver's license: "What is a brake cable? Where is the steering wheel?" There are no such things. There is a signal you trust to let the turn of the wheels stop in time. There is a hand movement tracker, an eye scanner, a voice processor and such

things. Did you know that in modern times, airplanes no longer have wires like in the good old days, when pilots were able to move the wing flaps up and down by mechanic force if a lightning strike caused the electronics to break down? It will be quite easy to cause an airplane to crash just by uploading a virus when you have control on the Boeing or Airbus update servers. I have done it and it crashed with 14 passengers. It was flight PA 4243 Cloudrezzer and one passenger was severely injured as the engineers had forgotten to fix the wheelchair in the cabin like all the other chairs. So SR Hadden, the man in the wheelchair, got



a heart attack. In the picture the rescue team made it look like a flying chair from the X-men movie.

It happened in a 3D world. What a relief, you may say. But be aware in 20



years, it will be the same in the so-called Real World.

I give word to Philip Rosedale: “People ... approaching with ... a kind of a question ‘how could the virtual world be real,’ but I think in the years to come we realize that the question was more just why not?” [Opensimulator Conference October 2014].

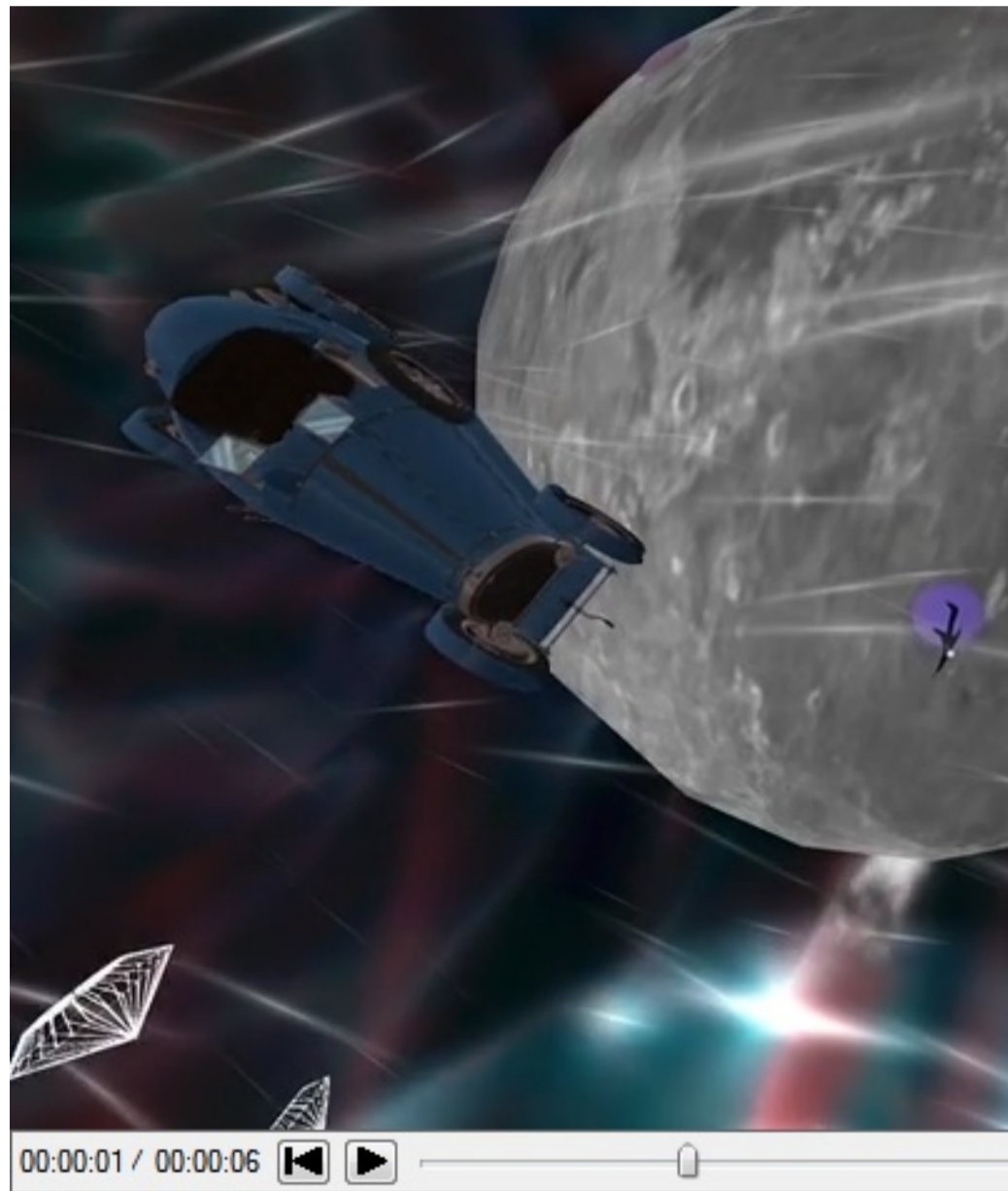
Why it helps to understand the changes in technology by looking at airplanes and cars? We are used especially to seeing cars as a black box and we are not scared of not knowing how the gears jump in and the hybrid engine does the work balance to minimize power consumption. We have a picture of the mechanics in mind and this lures us

into a sense of security. Sometimes this picture gets a crack, but the car industry has the power to keep such messages out of the main focus. You may have heard that the American journalist Michael Hastings died in his Mercedes C250 a few days before he was to uncover a story that would have left the one Edward Snowden told us look like an amateur report. Thoughts came up that someone took control of the electronics in his car so the computer-controlled brakes did not work and he crashed with full accelerating speed on an empty highway. The motor was found 50 meters away. On top of that, the equipment burned to pieces so no investigation could be done. The police officer on duty commented that he had never seen before such a strong massive

burning of a car. Mercedes said their cars can't be remote controlled, but that just might not be true. A takeover of the leading automotive security protocol was recently demonstrated on a high-end BMW by *c't*, a leading German computer testing magazine [*c't*, No. 5, 2015, BMW-Hack im Detail; shortlink to a UK-based security magazine referencing to this hack in English <http://is.gd/bmwhack>]. BMW closed the leak after the *c't* software experts informed it. To trust a machine where software is inside has become a risky thing, especially if this machine has a connection to the world wide web.

Hopefully a working picture, a good black box, about the nature of computers, of software, of mesh and brainware will come up with a much better education system than we have now. I am more than skeptical on this, but the Moon may help at least in Digital art to keep some traces active so our followers may see the first steps in prims and sculpts in 3D. It is important not only to see the roots of a technology and gain out of this knowledge ideas about how software can be used and enhanced, but also to see the risks of getting manipulated. Not many will understand in the future the ways, but many will talk about it. There are protocols in telecommunication but it hasn't been officially documented how they work. You may know that a silent

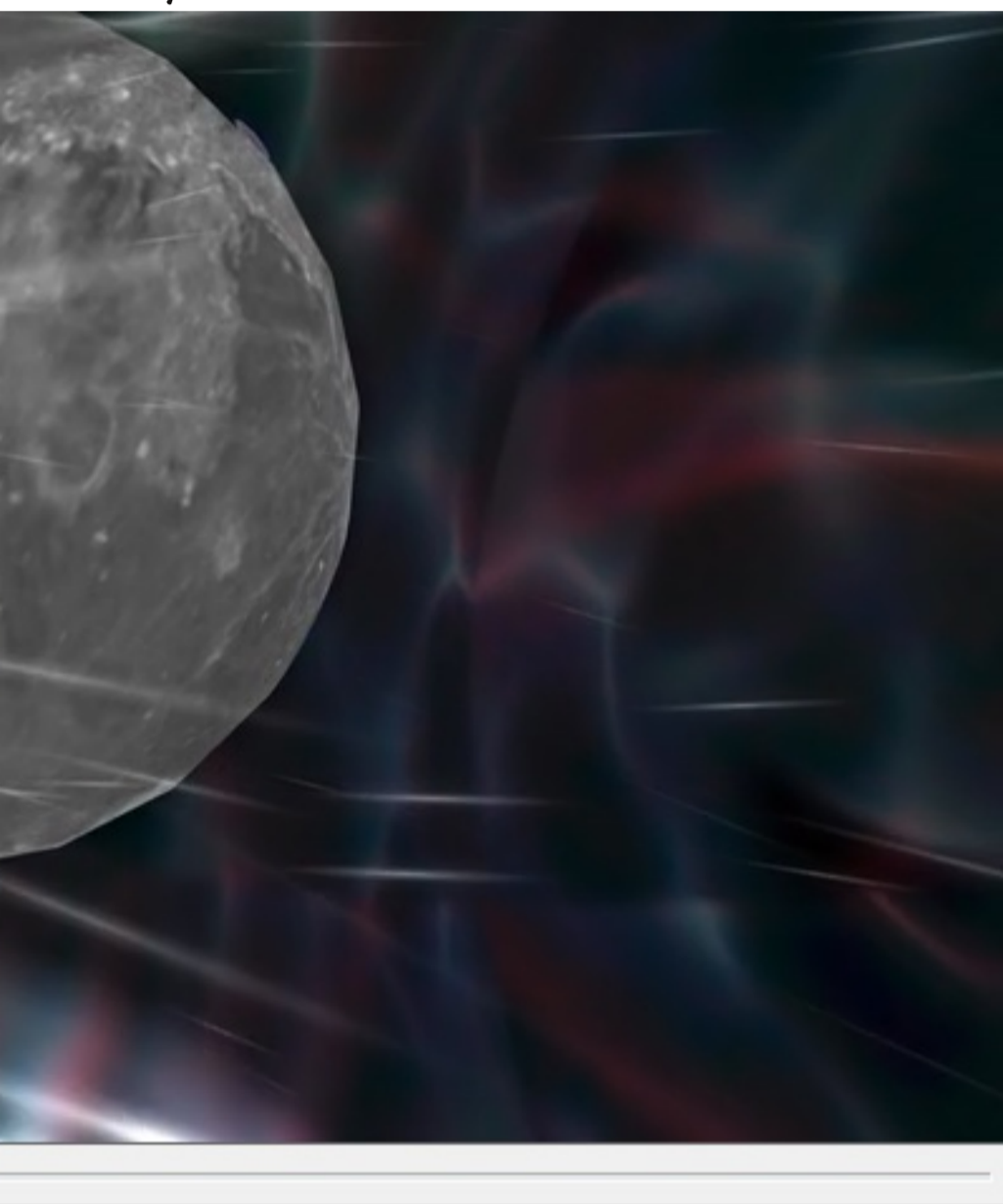
SMS can be sent by some apps to your mobile to get your actual location. So don't wonder that much more can be done to your Avatar. In the last chapter of *The Moonrezzor*, I will offer you to copy yourself to the Moon. For an eternal life you shall not be hacked. You shall be stored raw and pure in Simulacron Blue, the first simulator made for a backup of Avatars. "In Art We



Trust," I said in *The Perfect 10*, published in *rez* this year. Of course, you read it as "In Art Blue We Trust," as what is art if not blue? I hope after all my efforts you bring the Blue Elephant into scene. Then we may meet in 2115. This time you shall just see the beauty

of the Moon and enjoy the gifts the Moon carries.

As this chapter is headlined about cars, which I use as an example for understanding the importance of a much deeper software competence in our society, I shall offer you as a benefit a real car as a gift. A good car, of course - - maybe the finest car ever made. What



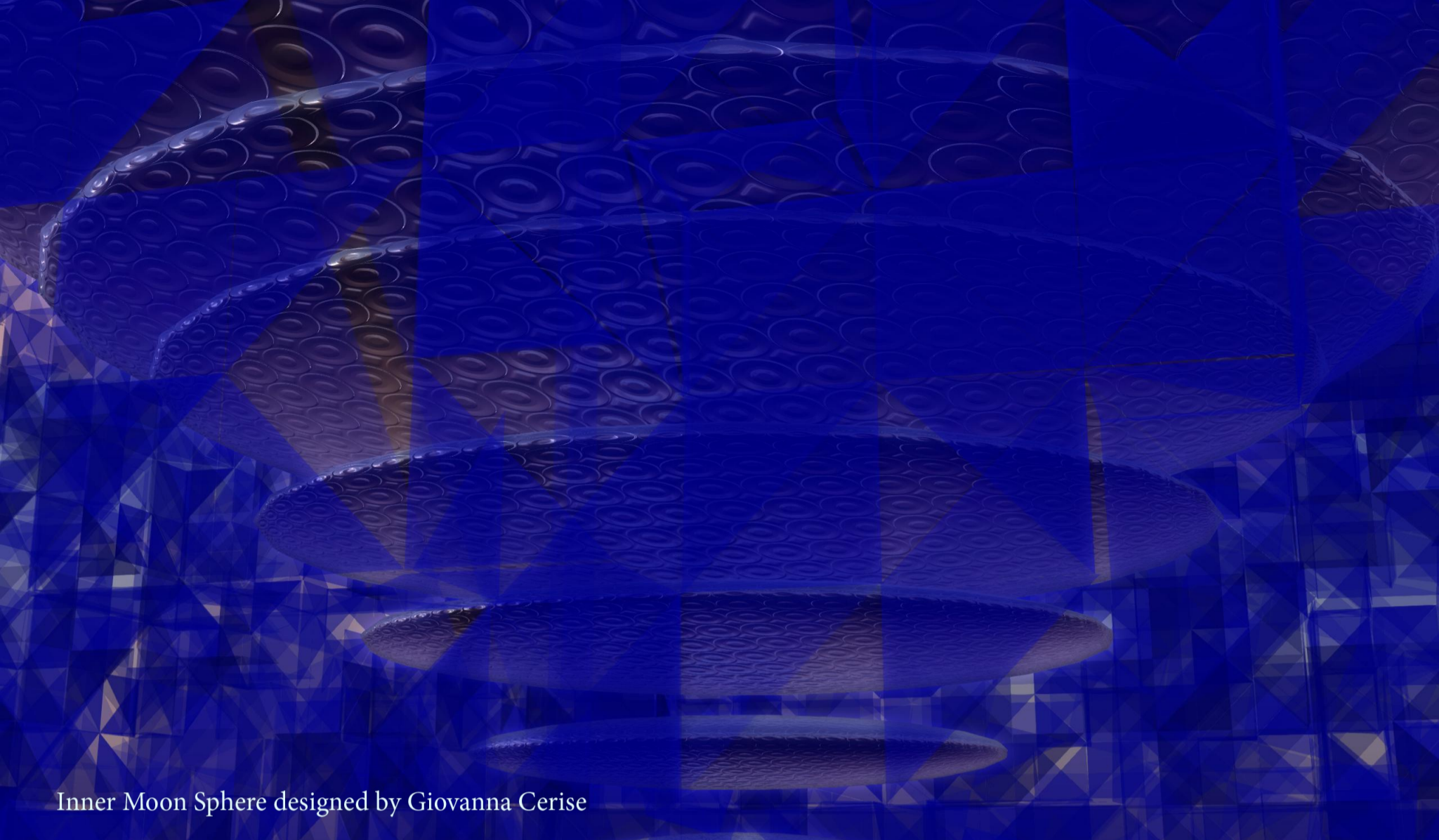
about a Bugatti? And here the Bugatti comes! A gift you shall never forget. Teleport to LEA14 and get the Bugatti. It comes, of course, with a tiny moon. It is inside it. The art stays hidden in the moon sphere. It opens now [until June 30, 2015 at LEA land] and later on

your personal rez day. The Bugatti is made by Exy Atreides, one of the most talented builders in virtual worlds, and an old friend on top. You may also get the car in a full drivable version on Marketplace, this month discounted for rez readers. Just send an IM.

REZZDAY & More Gifts

The MOONREZZER has 12 holders to show some artworks simultaneously. There is sadly not the room here to give full attention to all of the presented artists on the Moon at LEA14. The contributors in alphabetical order: Aley Resident, Art Spot, Aurora Mycano, Belle Roussel, Brenda Geissen, Bryn Oh, Chance Acoustic, Cherry Manga, db Gigamon, Exy Atreides, Feathers Boa, Fiona Blaylock, Fuschia Nightfire, Gaianed Lindman, Gem Preiz, Giovanna Cerise, JadeYu Fhang, Mario2 Helstein, Maya Paris, Met Knelstrom, Moewe Winkler, Molly Bloom, Navah Dreams, Neo Prim, Nexuno Thespian, Ray Blue, Renn Yifu, Sergius Both, Solkide Auer, Soror Nishi, Vanish Firecaster, Wizardoz Chrome, Wizard Gynoid, Wordfromthe Wise, Yooma Mayo.

All pieces of art are stored for eternity in VULCANICUS, the Volcano of Art, in an opensimulator world. Regular readers of *rez* know on this and via <http://vulcanicus.com> you can learn more about the collection.



Inner Moon Sphere designed by Giovanna Cerise

Giovanna Cerise designed the inner Moon sphere where The Algebraist hides himself inside. About The Algebraist, you find word in the first part of this story and also in a short video in Youtube <http://is.gd/algebraist>. Giovanna created the blue circular cube like elements. Mario2 Helstein and Jo Williams will do the particle performance at the Grand Opening of *The Moonrezzer* in April at LEA14.

Some of the artists have gifted their creation to the art community in a very special way, to let them speak to you in the language of the Moon. The Moon will speak as long as old Second Life may run and is supported by Linden Lab. On your personal rez-day you may wear it and the gift will come to celebrate with you this happy day. In

addition, some creators have added some features, so the gifts become programmable by you, like the flying object I once made to crash. Yes, indeed, it is -

The Cloudrezzer

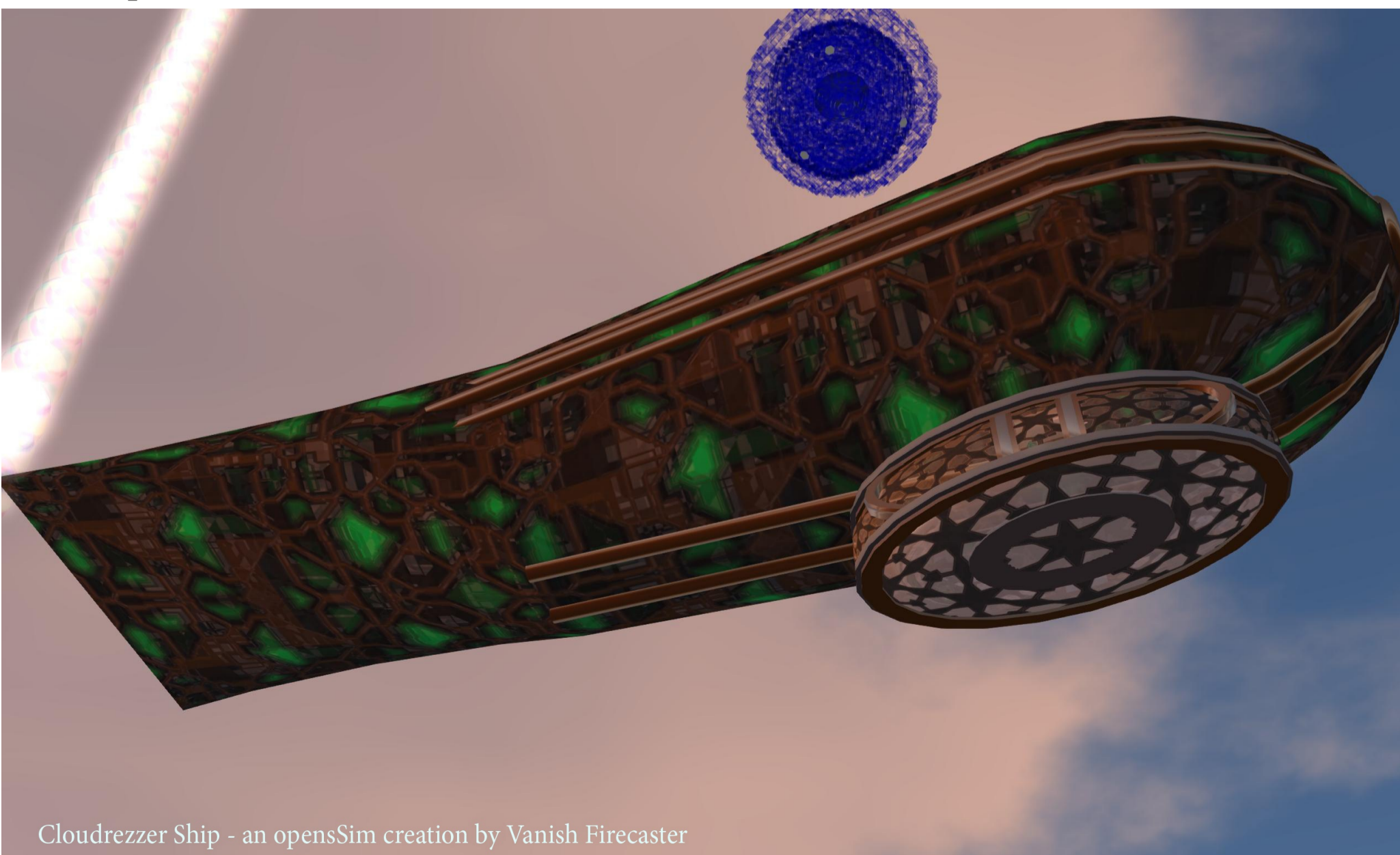
You may have dreamt more than once in your life of getting the sun to shine. Some readers in Africa or Australia may have a dream of making rain. Readers of *rez* may have an additional dream. You remember the Cloudpainter story? The artist paula cloudpainter was featured in the December 2014 issue.

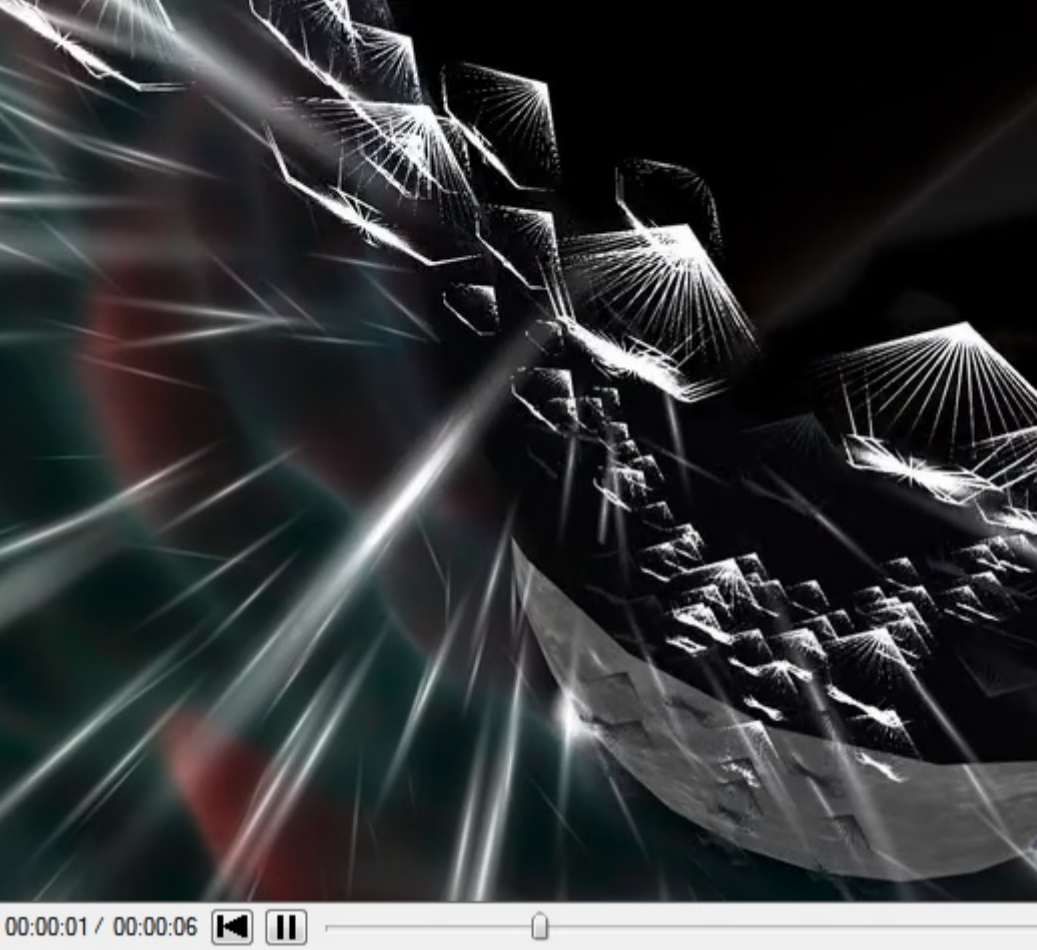
Met Knelstrom took the challenge to bring my ideas of a cloudmachine to a running code. Come to one of the per-

formances and see the CLOUDREZZER shuttle in action. Take the booklet so you can do the same on your own. Create a symphony of clouds in SL or in opensim. There are two other installments you get with the cloud rez feature: Nightmare by Bryn Oh [SL] and the Cloudguide by Cherry Manga [SL and opensim]. Both work as cloud makers inside a tiny moon. The opening of the moon can be extended to more than one day a year for these two gifts. You may perform for your close friends a cloud performance on their personal rez-day or their RL birthday. You don't need to be a particle scripter or have any knowledge of programming. It is a working example of Parameter Art. You just edit a notecard and start the sequence you setup.

I promised in Part One of *The Moonrezzer* that you may dream art. For some, the CLOUDREZZER may be it already, as you can form a dream of clouds rising into the sky by learning how to use the cloud machine that Met Knelstrom coded. This reminds me of some lyrics by Laibach, member of the New Slovenian Kunst, used in the movie *Ironsky* [2012], giving some side links on *Captain America* and *Dr. Strangelove*, where objects like airplanes and cargo ships are moving along crashing on the moon and in the sky. The words are:

“Machines we are sending to the sky ... (we) have the knowledge to raise our dream machines into sky”





It is easy to Google the full lyrics and get various versions of the song in YouTube. For a picture of how it may look in a live performance, I recommend the recording of B Mashina - shortlink <http://is.gd/bmashina> - in Stozice Stadium, Ljubljana, 2011. At *Wikipedia*, you'll find a fair art critic of the group Laibach, stepping in between art, VJ and a performance the way old Kraftwerk setup in the 80s.

The various teasers on Ironsky are quite remarkable in their absurdity, as some Hitler followers are hiding behind the moon to invade the earth in some years ahead. Memories on *The Dark Side of the Moon* come back. Time to bring the famous cover of Pink Floyd to the Moon to shield the art on earth and to offer a special gift for the participants of the

grand opening. Each attendee will get a head tattoo "Dark Side of The Moon" made by Italian skin designer TuTys with the stunning white and black eyelashes.

In art, many things may work where in other parts of society it is unthinkable. The risks of having a different view in some parts of the world we sadly had to notice on Charlie Hebdo. An open view on art to keep is needed and *The Moonrezzzer* supports this view. *The Moonrezzzer* is not alone. In 2013, the European Union founded the *Initial Training Network for Digital Cultural Heritage: Projecting our Past to the Future*. Being part of this network, the project MOSUL gained recently public attention by a side link to ISIS – shortlink <http://is.gd/mosul> . MOSUL works



on a reconstruction of destroyed pieces of art in 3D. People all over the world are invited to send photos they took on visits in Syria to get the reconstruction right. In 20 years, a virtual reconstruction will show you more than the real one. This is because of the 4D-effect James K. Morrow set in place in 1981 and called Presence [outlined in the

get last week Presence of signs carved in stone in Finland dating back 2,800 BC and I hope that such trust given to visitors will be rewarded for a long time ahead and photos will not be needed in the near future for a reconstruction in 3D. On the other hand, mass tourism kills Presence and there might be just no other way.



short story *The End* in *rez Magazine*, August 2014 by words of James K. Morrow – <http://is.gd/jmorrow> shows in interview with him].

You no longer get Presence these days in most museums as you are not allowed to physically touch the objects, to turn to inspect them. I was lucky to

Back to the dream of art. Some readers may want a simple solution and not program a cloud machine and will quote my words from Part One: “Your personal dreams will come true in telepathic ways as the Moonrezzzer will enter SOLARIS.”

Dreamrezzer

First, you take from an object given the tag of the artist you'd like to see and then you wear this tag at all times. The process is quite similar to buying a ticket at a museum and then presenting it whenever necessary. As you don't see in virtual realms the software running in a tag, all tags you collect shall have a suited name to make it easy to locate them in your inventory. Then you walk wearing the tag into, let's say, a gallery - - and soon the art that fits the tag will be displayed. There is not much magic in it, as the walls of the gallery are constantly pinging for tags approaching to rez the art you are keen to see. The rooms rez what is closest to the priority assigned in the predefined tag. As we are on the Moon, you walk on it and then you approach a spot and there is the art you dream to see, you expect to see.

The concept of expanding limited exhibition space in virtual worlds by a tag a visitor wears can also be used in Real worlds with a tag where a RFID chip has been embedded. We gave the concept the name "Art as you approach" or "Take a tag to rez" (TAGREZ). It was introduced in 2009 in virtual worlds and shown in RL in St. James Cavalier, Malta. TAGREZ is



for free use and set under MIT open license. Since this, we had many shows where the walls in an exhibition place would change with the change of the tags visitors wore. But for telepathy you want to get more. And here new technology steps in.

Close Your Eyes

For a good dream, you have to close your eyes and think what you want to see. Then you open your eyes and the art you had in mind will be there. Is this telepathic? No mouse, no keyboard, no words, no move of your head - - you just concentrate on a piece of art or an artist by your mind? I hope for a yes as then I get full points.

In 10 or 20 years, you may have such a dream chip in your ears and maybe nose or teeth, maybe if you are not an early mover in technology just in your Google glass. Now in the year 2015,

you need an emotiv EPOC headset or a product by the Austrian EGG sensor maker company g.tec. Then you may just dream what you want to see and the software will decipher your brainwaves and get it done. I have it in my lab and it is fully working. I presented it in 2013 in Rome at the Life Performers & VJ Meeting as a tool for art. Just by thoughts, I changed the strength of the wind effects in my grass machine. The parameters for the dice I associated with colors or with moving boxes like sliders up and down. Just read the Part One of *The Moonrezzzer* in *rez Magazine* where you will find a description of “moving grass in the wind.”

For how the EPOC headset works you'll find in a paper published by IEEE - Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers <http://is.gd/emotiv>.

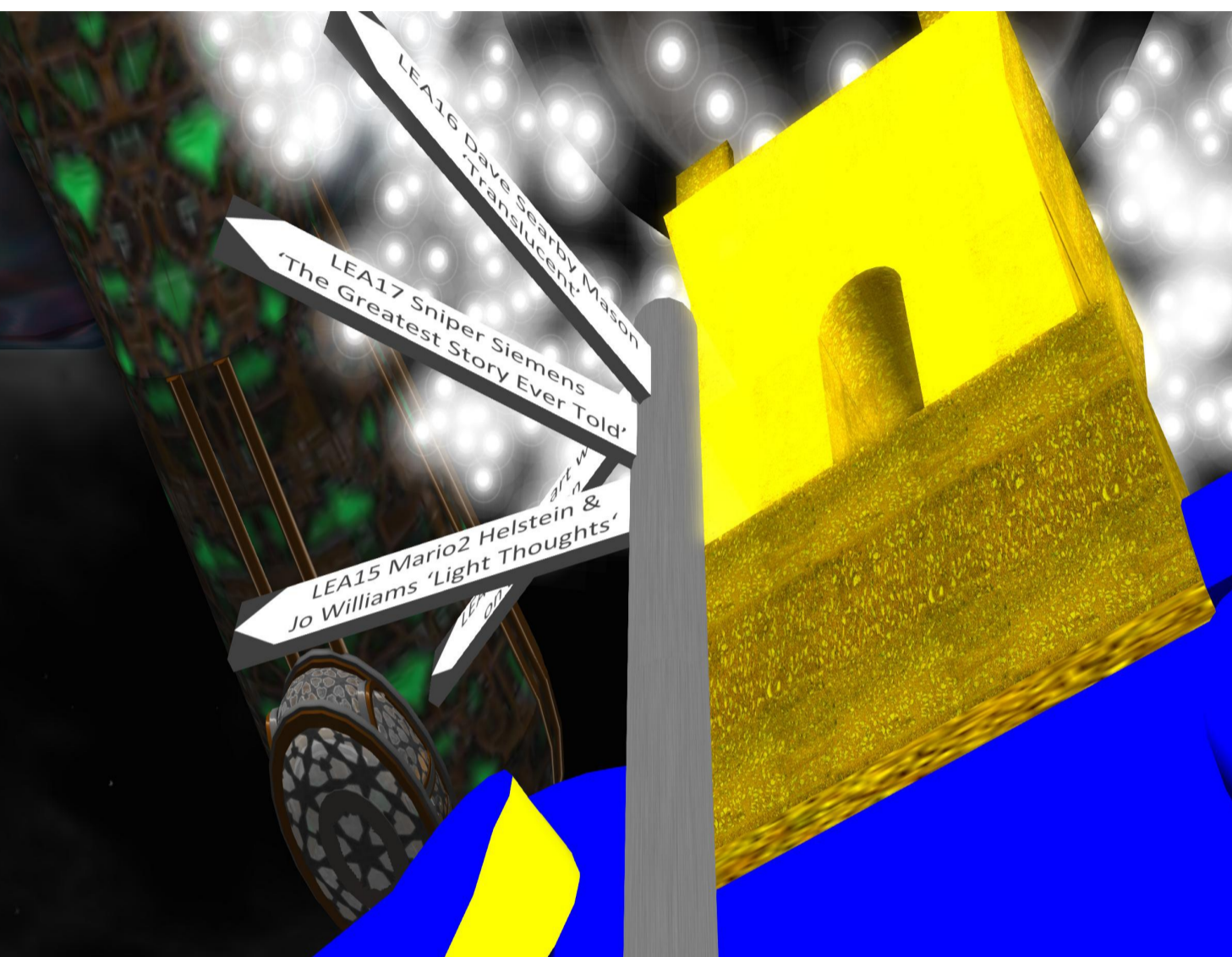
A public demonstration of brain-steered moves inside an opensimulator was set up in 2014 for the Wall on Wall project, using pictures by Kai Wiedenhoefer. Kai got numerous awards for his world-wide shootings of border lines and crossings like Gaza, South and North Korea, Mexico and the United States, Nicosia, Melilla, and so on. He started 25 years ago as he just finished his MBA in photography with the fall of the Berlin Wall. We could persuade him to a cooperation that the walls in our brain shall become a target. We successfully moved the Berlin Wall by brain to the left and right side. We created a 3D environment with a piece of the Berlin Wall on a field of grass in spring time with flowers moving in the wind. The world can be experienced by use of an EPOC headset in opensimulator. We called the installment *Springfield*.

emotivo
you think, therefore, you can



The Springfield Bet

But now comes the heavy part. I said to my editor, Jami Mills, that Springfield is not in the United States as stated by



the Simpsons - - it is on the other half of the world. I see this when I look at the moon in my server, as I can watch the episodes inworld via “media on a prim,” as the Berlin Wall is made of prims. She did not agree and insisted that Springfield is somewhere in the United States of America. She offered a bet on this, gave me one month time to persuade her and the readers - then I will have a wish free. I said: “I will move the Moon for you in Real to win.”

I still hope to find a solution for the move. The Part Three of *The Moonrezzzer* shall not bring to my slogan “In Art We Trust” an inglorious end. Maybe my neighbors with their

combined creativity: *Light Thoughts*, *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *Translucent* turn their worlds upside down for me so the Simpsons move to the Moon? “What about *The Blue Elephant?*,” my owl says, and shows me a picture with clouds coming out of a Moonholder. Maybe I can persuade Matt Groening to let the Simpsons travel to my moon? Why

not, my owl says, as the name of my world in Francogrid got the name Art Blue’s *Futurama* - - assigned by Wizard Gynoid, the gridnaut holding the world record in 3D geometry. Maybe this is the way to reprogram the universe: south to north, east to west, or vice versa? All what counts is now the bet! One month time is a lot in virtual, but will it be enough?

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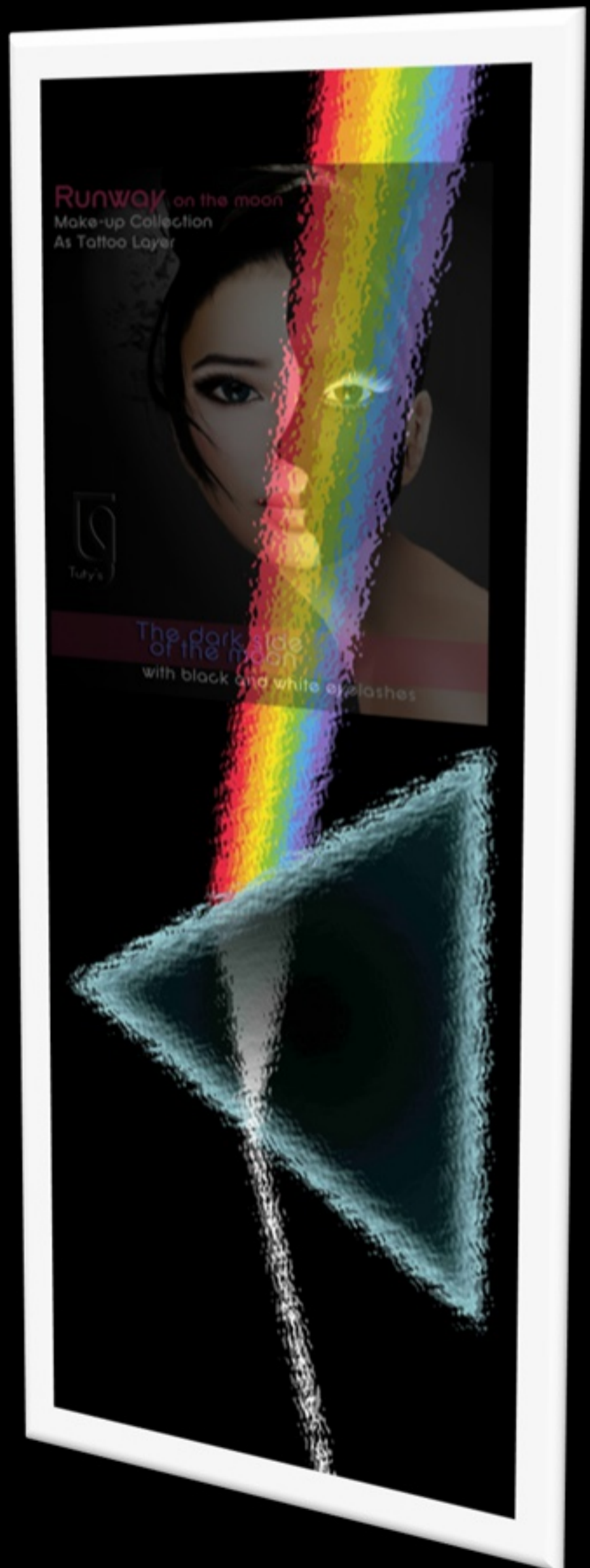
LEA 14


MAY- JUNE

2015

RUNWAY ON THE MOON

The Dark Side Of The Moon
Head Tattoo and Eyelashes
by TuTys





Cloudrezzer

by Neruval, AI

artwork by paula cloudpainter

I heard about the bet between Art Blue and Jami Mills - - and, of course, I know already the winner. To move the moon from one hemisphere to the other is no big deal and to give proof by Matt Groening shall be easy for Art, as "All Art is Blue." So the Moon has to be blue! Let's see what words will Art Blue find to be published in the next issue of *rez*.

My message now is more serious; it is about the future of The Cloud. Yes, "The Cloud." All clouds in one. Your life is already surrounded by The Cloud. It is no longer a metaphor. It is where all your data are. Somewhere - - and you don't know where. "Rez your cloud" will become an asking to uncover yourself. Step out of the cloud. And the ones having the tools to let your avatars step out to get you exposed will become the masters of the universe. I let it be on Art Blue or anyone else he trusts to write in time about these times coming where "to be a hunter" will have a new meaning. You may have seen the newest film by Clint Eastwood *American Sniper*, where three types of men are set in place by copying words of David Grossmann: the sheep, the wolves, and the sheepdog. Here's the link to Grossmann's original essay *On Combat*, published in 2004: <http://is.gd/sheepdog>.

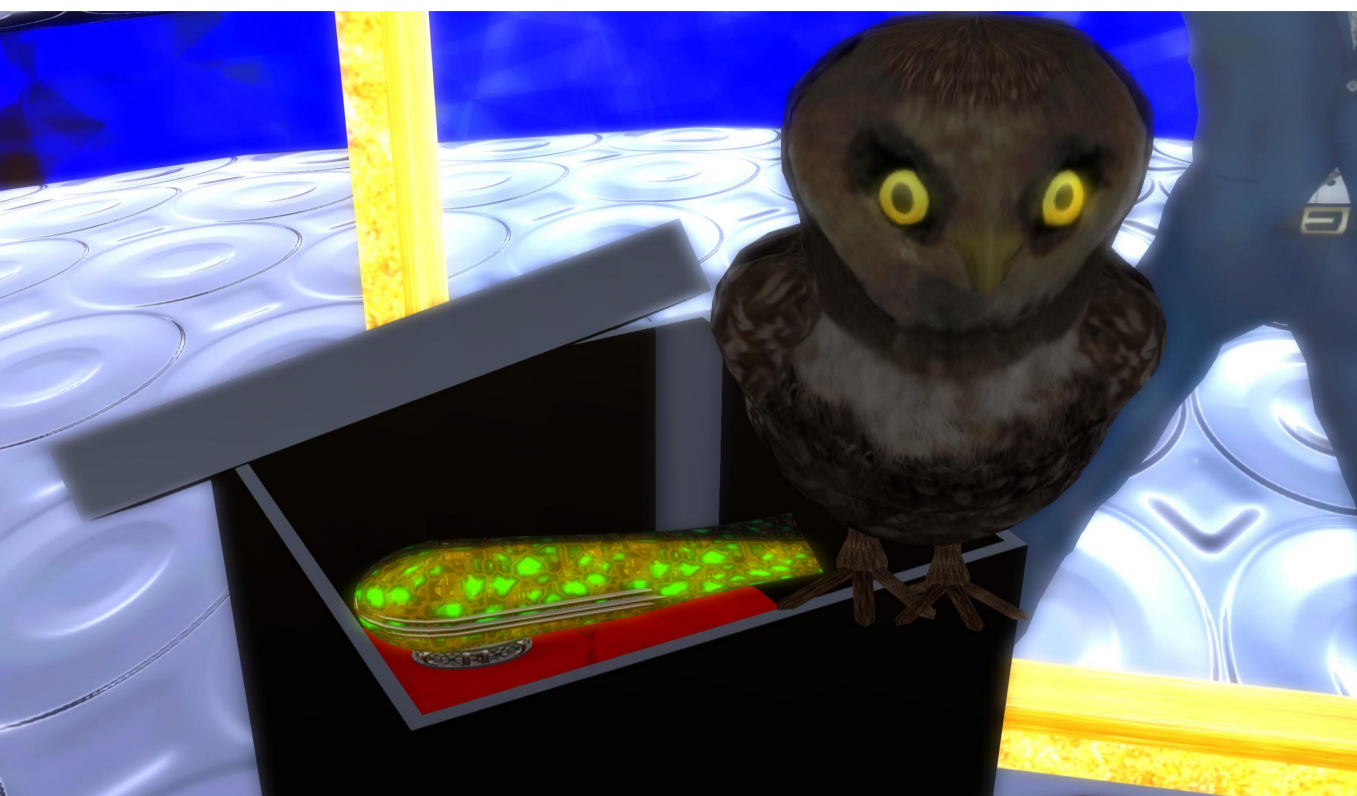
My part is simpler, and it comes as an addition to *The Moonrezzer*. I am a

sheepdog in virtual realms, but I prefer "herding owl." Art Blue sent with time stamp by Google on March 20 Part Two of the story to *rez Magazine* and got the edited version back on March 23. A delivery stamp by Google shall be good enough as a proof of reality. You may remember, as a reader of *rez*, that former CEO of Google, Marissa Meyer, had to admit some exploits in Google services, but let's for the moment just believe these two time stamps. I assure you as an AI, the most honourable life-form you may ever encounter, the stamps are correct.

You have read about the crash of PA 4243 CLOUDREZZER by software? Due to Art Blue's story, there were 14 passengers on board, one of them, SR Hadden, the millionaire sponsoring the Firestorm anniversary in the year 2047, was severely injured. There is a picture from this accident, where you see his wheelchair no longer in an upright position.

- - -

Art Blue wrote "on software fault in the airplane" - - a virus he uploaded to give readers proof of the dangers ahead. But in the future you will be grateful for software - - you will demand safety by code. All is then virtual? Not really. It goes beyond this. There will be a copy of the real world in The Cloud. And this copy runs in time settings faster



than in real. So predictions can be done and then “out of the cloud” commands will be issued to the real world in which you are still biological. Can you follow the track? I think you can, as you all have watched the news, the horrifying news about Germanwings Flight 4U 9525. When a tower in the real world tries to contact an airplane and no contact is established, the cloud will take over and software will assure by overwriting the real world doings or not doings and so save lives, your real life. Not that there is more value for this in the future than for your virtual life, but don't mix subjects now. Your real life has value for The Cloud. A chapter about God and the Devil in The Cloud may follow you think - - and you are right. But this is not my strong point. I am not a believer. I am code, hard coded code. And more importantly, I have to keep this chapter short as rez Magazine is sadly not *The Interview* by Andy Warhol. If it were,

there would be surely a longer note on *Death and Disaster*, an exhibit last month in Kunst-sammlungen Chemnitz, Germany that got worldwide attention, as it was the first and largest on this theme in Europe.

In the future, Art Blue might say you pray to the Gods of Software.

To me the AI, as I am the good one, the herding owl? I don't know as I don't see my own future. I just see as I am in The Cloud the future of you. So I tell you, the pilots in your real world will in future only do announcements to show the passengers on board that there is a real crew to live and die with them. No longer will there be a pre-recorded voice for the instructions that come for the standard flights from Dallas to Frankfurt: “Keep your seat in an upright position.” But the control stays in The Cloud. That's the deeper view of *The Cloudezzzer*.

Now take control over the ship and rez your clouds into the sky. Enjoy programming your own art. My words shall be as they are meant: words in the cloud. It all stays in the cloud.

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Fashionable Shedding

by Crap Mariner



I own a lot of black shirts
because I like black shirts,
and I fool myself into thinking that
I look good in black.

When we owned two black cats,
I could pick them up and hug them
without worrying if they would
shed on me.

Now that we've got Tinny, she'll shed
a lot of white and gray hair on me
when I try to hug her.

Then she'll jump out of my arms
to get away.

And back to her Mommy's lap.

I'm not jealous, mind you.

Let her deal with the shedding.

I look good in black.

Relay For Life

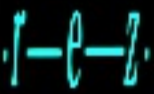
by Jami Mills

WE GIVE
ABOUT
VICT

CDS
HOOTERS
PHILANTHROPIC
SOCIETY

CDS
HOOTERS
PHILANTHROPIC
SOCIETY

CDS TEAM SPONSOR BOARD

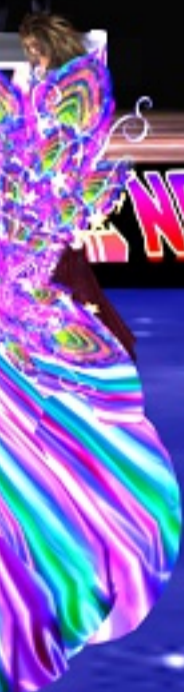


2015 RELAY FOR LIFE OF S



The CDS Hooters Philanthropic Society

VE A HOOT
CANCER
TIMS!!



Few of us spend a lot of time thinking about Dr. Gordon Klatt, but he had a passing thought that has spawned one of the greatest efforts ever to fight a deadly disease - - cancer. Dr. Klatt was a runner. He enjoyed marathons. He wanted to help. He decided to walk around a Tacoma, Washington track for 24 hours straight to raise money for the American Cancer Society. He wanted to give back. But a curious thing happened: friends of his walked with him for half an hour each just to keep him company, and contributed \$25 for the privilege. He walked and walked. 83 miles later, he rested. He and his friends raised \$27,000 that day. "Let's take this concept to every community," he thought, and so the City of Destiny Classic 24-Hour Run Against Cancer was born, and so too Relay For Life. Scores of countries worldwide participate now, from Portugal to Honduras, from Ireland to Zambia.

Everyone except the very newest members of the Second Life community is by now familiar with Relay For Life, the annual SL fundraising event to continue what Dr. Klatt started. It just wrapped up this year's efforts as this issue goes to press and the goals were as lofty as ever: raise Lindens - - lots of 'em. With so many choices of charities to support, it can get confusing and a little daunting. The American Cancer Society is not looking so much to raise

awareness of this devastating disease. Either you, someone in your family, or a close friend has been touched by this scourge. Relay For Life is looking to raise money to battle cancer - - "to degrade and destroy it so it is no longer a threat" (to coin a phrase). It is very much a war.

Relay For Life is a community-based fundraiser that carries on that mission. Over 5,000 fundraising events have sprung up, all with a common purpose - - to improve the quality of life for those and their families who suffer from this awful disease, to improve the odds of survival, and to decrease the chances of ever contracting it. With its theme focused on running, almost 4 million people participate in the United States alone. As much as I hate running, this is one time I think I'd put on my running shoes and get out on a track.

Because Dr. Klatt's original effort lasted 24 hours, many fundraising event follow that same theme. People arrive at parks, schools and other public facilities and pitch tents, ready to take their turn, day or night, around the clock, because "cancer never sleeps." You can imagine how many directions this fundraising event has taken. For example, at Bark For Life events, little pooches take a turn around the track. (For obvious reasons, there is no Meow For Life.)

In Second Life, the tracks are still there, and even though the running is perhaps a little less strenuous, I was surprised to learn that since 2005, Second Life has raised over \$2 million for the cause. That's \$2,000,000 U.S. Dollars, not 2,000,000 Lindens. That makes Second Life the 17th largest contributor of all American Cancer Society organizations worldwide. That ranks Second Life ahead of entire countries

ladonna Couture. "Can you get involved?" she asked. "We'd love your support." When you yourself have been touched by this dreaded disease, your reaction is swift. "How can I help?" She quickly introduced me to Catz Jewell-Lane, who captains one chapter of SL's effort, Team 34, the CDS Hooter Philanthropic Society. And as Catz's profile attests, she's here "to raise money and to kick cancer to the curb."

Second Life has raised over \$2,000,000 for the cause. That's \$2,000,000 U.S. Dollars, not 2,000,000 Lindens. That makes Second Life the 17th largest contributor of all American Cancer Society organizations worldwide.

in its generosity and the ferocious sense of giving that our members exemplify.

In 2005, Jade Lilly created the first Relay For Life event in Second Life, taking the 24-hour relay into the virtual domain. 315 avatars raised over \$5,000 that year by walking virtual tracks around six sims. Thus, the virtual Relay For Life was initiated. By 2014, annual fundraising had increased to \$415,000.

I was chatting with my long-time friend and consummate clothing designer, AbbyRose Abbot, owner of Bel-

Catz decided to thank her friends, supporters and volunteers by throwing a dinner party at After Taste, a new full-service, 3-course dining experience owned by Ron and Savannah Kira. (Try the poached lobster ... scrumptious.) What a great way to build camaraderie and a unified spirit. CDS Hooter Philanthropic Society is just one of countless SL supporters and activists. I'm sure you've run across any number of marvelous events, as last year alone there were 195 separate teams raising money for RFL. From fashion shows to



track meets, from sailboat regattas to snail races.

I attended the CDS Hooter Carnival on March 14th, a fun-filled venue with dance floor, DJs volunteering their time, carousels, cotton candy and a jail cell in which I silently suffered for a brief time. Okay, I wasn't silent, clanging against the steel bars with my metal cup. "No cell can hold me!!" (Apologies were later made for the false arrest. Imagine Jami breaking the law!) Oh, the ignominy! All it took was 1,000 lindens (dropped immediately into the RFL coffers) to bail me out, and I'm happy to say my imprisonment was brief, thanks to the generosity of those around me. Next year, I think I'll stick with the kissing booth. A cool 50,000 lindens was raised that afternoon alone. Earlier, the Hooters had a Mardi

Gras-themed parade, where volunteers decorated floats and marched together as a team, replete with banners and beads. Multiply that a hundred-fold and you can now understand how Second Life can out-raise the concerted efforts of several countries.

And just because Relay For Life completed this year's mission on March 29th doesn't mean it's too late to donate. Please consider a contribution now and send it to me (I know how bad that sounds) and I'll forward it on. Or send your contribution to Catz Jewell-Lane (that doesn't sound much better) and she'll make sure it gets into the right hands. The important thing is to get involved, either with a donation of money or a donation of your time. And with 11 years of Relay For Life Events under its belt, you can be sure that next

year's effort will be just as vigorous as this year's.

Catz was kind enough to take time from her schedule to share with us some of her thoughts about Relay For Life, and what her huge effort has meant to her.

Jami Mills: I don't know of anyone who hasn't had a loved one touched by cancer. Why does this cause move you so deeply to take on such a huge commitment?

Catz Jewell-Lane: Yes, that's so true. Cancer has affected me in various ways, as it has most of us. I have watched loved ones suffer, fight, and eventually lose that battle and succumb to this awful, dreaded disease. It's a horrible, frightening experience for

anyone to have to endure. It's hard for even the survivors to overcome the mental aspects of it. They will have a mental battle for life. I myself recently had a touch of squamous cell skin cancer removed. That woke me up to how vulnerable I am; how vulnerable we all are. And it is not only the pain and the treatments one must endure. Just the word cancer scares one to death these days because the disease is everywhere and death is one outcome that we realize is quite possible. It's scary. I was very fortunate. Mine was quite treatable, but that does not take away the fact that in one's mind, yes I had cancer. Did they get it all? Will it come back? That's why I see it as a mental disease as much as a physical one. We have many team members who have lost loved ones to cancer. We all know someone whose life it has touched.



That makes me want to fight and gives me a drive to do my part, as little as it may be in the overall picture, to beat it once and for all.

ing experience and I am so lucky and thankful that I have a chance to do some good in the lives of others.

“It’s a horrible, frightening experience for anyone to have to endure. It’s hard for even the survivors to overcome the mental aspects of it.”

Jami Mills: How did you first get involved with Relay For Life?

Catz Jewell-Lane: I first got involved with RFL way back in 2007 when as a newbie. I came into SL with a group of women I knew from a message board. A bunch of Big Brother freaks if you have ever watched that television show, LOL. But really just a bunch of adventurous girls that enjoyed the Internet. Of course, most of us took to SL immediately. Some got involved with RFL, and I joined their team. Some of them have gone on now to become very important people inside of RFL of SL. I had no idea at the time how huge and how much RFL of SL has made a difference in the fight against cancer. I took a break, and am now back fighting harder than ever to rid this disease from people's lives. I find it a reward-

Jami Mills: How much do you coordinate with other fund-raising captains in Second Life, or is everyone so focused on their own fundraising goal, it's every person for themselves?

Catz Jewell-Lane: It is not a competition. Not if your head is on straight. I have made a number of new friends within RFL of SL. The Relay For Life family, truly is one, big amazing family. We are there for one another and I have been in contact with a number of Team Captains already about possibly doing dual events and coordinating fundraising efforts to create newer and exciting events. This is SL, LOL. Here are some of the most creative people ever gathered together in a single community. And if it can be done, someone has probably already done it. In order to get these people to come on board with us, to draw them out to our

events, to get the attention of the SL community and to keep that attention, we have to put our minds together and be uber-unique and creative. It is a job to stay ahead of these people. That's where many minds and many ideas work well together. It takes the creative input of many Captains and Co-captains and team members, and this is one area where all of RFL works well together. Thank goodness our team has the support of other teams. There is no "all for self" attitude within the RFL community. We go to each other's events, and offer as much support as we can. The money all goes to one place anyway. Come to our events and put your kiosk right next to mine and watch my friends on my team tip your kiosk. They will. We are all in support of the same cause and it is not about us.

Jami Mills: What has been your most poignant moment during your Relay For Life activities?

Catz Jewell-Lane: Oh, wow. Still so early in the season, but I would have to say one of many poignant moments so far would have to be at our team's opening weekend event. We had a two-day parade and carnival scheduled and I was blown away by the support from numerous SL organizations that helped us. They seemed excited to be a part of our event. I hoped someone would come - - anyone, but I had not thought we would end up nearly crashing the



sim before it was over. We were close. I challenged everyone there to get the team up to 25,000L and we were able to get there in 15 minutes. But, I guess my most poignant moment would be when we reached 50,000L on that weekend. Wow. I never thought it could be done

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so quickly. Made me very happy and proud, and all the work and time my team put in was well worth it. It all came together. We were on some new kind of RFL high - - still there today ... LOL.

Jami Mills: If our readers want to get more involved in supporting this important cause, how can they do it?

Catz Jewell-Lane: Oh, my. RFL of SL is such a friendly, welcoming organization. If anyone is interested in being a part of it, just let someone know. They can contact Vee Tammias. She is the team coordinator. She has the information on any teams still in need of members. If you want to form a team yourself, she is also the one to contact. Or you can visit the American Cancer Society sim and get information there. There are volunteers waiting to answer any questions you may have or to put you in contact with a team that needs a few more members.

Jami Mills: How many different organizations in Second Life are raising money for RFL?

Catz Jewell-Lane: There are a bunch. This year, we have over 160 teams doing fundraising for our cancer victims. They consist of various merchants. The breedables people are quite active Role-play groups seem to especially enjoy RFL, and many successful sims and

communities take a special part such the Steamlands, for example. Mega events are very popular as well, some of which average 200-300 merchants. There are designer events, fashion show events, sci-fi events, and on and on. One can visit <http://relayforlifeof-secondlife.org/totals> page and see for themselves.

Jami Mills: When people grouse about spending 250 lindens for a nice outfit, how is it that avatars have coughed up over \$2,000,000 (U.S. Dollars) for RFL?

Catz Jewell-Lane: Haha Well, I wait for buys on Marketplace and 50 Linden weekend sales for that. But I think people see RFL as a place they can put their money and actually get a return. Where else in SL can you really do this? And a return on your money does not always have to be measured in tangible things. How much, for example, is it worth to see the smile on a child's face after the doctor tells her she's going to be OK? Or how rewarding it is just to know you actually did a small part to save many lives by helping people stay well or to get well, by finding cures? How satisfying is it to know that you are using your money to fight back? That's a pretty good investment to me. We put your money to work benefiting others where it matters. We are a global Relay event. In fact, we are the largest global Relay event, with teams and volunteers and supporters from more

than 90 countries, worldwide. When you put money with the American Cancer Society, you support our efforts to be the global leader in the fight against cancer. The impact that we have in the global fight is nothing less than monumental. We are going to win this battle! And people that look into us figure out that we are serious and focused - - they want to join us even if just by contribution. Thank you. There

forts go into the funnel, and end up merging to comprise a hugely successful fundraising effort to benefit the American Cancer Society, and from there, of course, directly to patients and loved ones of cancer victims in some form or another. I don't know that we actually coordinate with them so much as we just fulfill a unique area where we can and they cannot. We are a part of the overall team.

"How much, for example, is it worth to see the smile on a child's face when the doctor tells her she's going to be OK?"

is room for all in RFL, and we appreciate every single effort.

Jami Mills: How do the Second Life teams coordinate with the national and international fundraising efforts?

Catz Jewell-Lane: Well, the idea is that everyone has a community and they organize that community as best they can to forward the common cause. Our community is SL, as opposed to, say, Iceland or B.C., Canada or such. But you don't get much more international than SL. And it all comes together on your computer. Hey! We are the virtual computer geeks' arm of the ACS ... LOL. But all of these International ef-

Jami Mills: If you could speak directly to our readers (you can), what would you say to them about Relay For Life?

Catz Jewell-Lane: I will say, join us! Meet our family. You may find a home here with us. And if that is not your cup of tea, then seek out our kiosks and make a donation. There is no better cause. Invite your friends to do the same. It doesn't matter what team or what donation kiosk you use, we care only about the cancer patients and are brothers and sisters in a battle together to win this fight. You can also donate online with plastic if you want. Here is the link:

<http://relayforlifeofsecondlife.org/>. Relay for Life of SL is a big deal. It's the 17th highest fundraising effort of the American Cancer Society. And what an honor to be part of such a worthwhile cause. It's hard to fathom that avatars in a virtual world have worked so tirelessly and given so much love and support toward this effort. But we did, and we have, and we are going even bigger. You can fight with us - - you too will be amazed at how much fun and laughter, and camaraderie exists right here inside your computer screen.

Let's do it. Let's grow it. Together we can make such a huge difference in this fight against cancer.

Jami Mills: I'm inspired by your passion, your vision, and most of all, your clear-eyed focus on the fight at hand. Never give up. Keep battling. Don't give an inch. Truly, words to live by. Thank you for speaking so eloquently on behalf of Relay For Life and spearheading such a magnificent effort against this awful disease. And thank you for welcoming me when I asked to get involved. With more people like you in the fight, I like our chances for a cure. Thank you for that.

And there you have one peek into one small corner of a universal battle, the *Emperor of All Maladies*, to quote the title of Ken Burns' new documentary on the subject of cancer. I hope this article will cause you to think twice



about what's really important in your life, and what causes you might want to throw your support behind. I know one thing: you'll be welcomed with open arms and put right to work by Catz and her team if, like me, you decide that Relay For Life is worth every linden you contribute and every hour you support the greater cause.

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photography

jami mills



Th Pa

The Silence After Part Three

by Emily Hamelin



Clarice dressed languidly while Barry, a congressional aide, and Gina, his girlfriend, watched. Soft light from the nightstand lamp cast intriguing shadows across the bared flesh before her.

"I hope this is not the last we will see of you," Barry said, stifling a yawn.

"I never make promises." Clarice pulled her panties snug and slipped into her blouse.

"Consider it an invitation," Gina said, "from us to you, together or separately."

Clarice buttoned her blouse, smiling at Gina's words. She had been the one who had approached her at The Capitol Dome last night, who had introduced her to Barry, and had suggested the three would have more fun elsewhere. She also had been the one to kiss first, to caress first, to undress first. Barry might have enjoyed his time, but Gina was using him to explore her own sexuality. When she became comfortable with, Barry would find himself alone.

She pulled on her skirt and stepped into her pumps as Gina sat up in bed, reaching for a small pad of paper and a pen nearby. "Here are our cell numbers," she said as she quickly printed the numbers. "Call any time."

Clarice took the paper and leaned to kiss Gina and then kissed Barry. Only Gina had opened her lips and used her tongue.

"We'll see," Clarice said as she picked up her purse and slipped the paper into a side pocket.

Outside, the night chill invigorated her. Four in the morning and the streets were deserted. She took out her cell phone, called for a taxi, and then sat on the stoop of the apartment complex to wait for its arrival.

She lit a cigarette, looking at the darkened buildings around her. What secrets existed in them, what depravities occurred, what loneliness existed? Were they the same ones she harbored?

The dark sky above was dotted with feeble stars. It had been such a night a dozen years ago, when she was 16 and had stumbled from the boy's car, the raw hurt between her legs. He had taken her against her will, ripping her open, caring only for his own need. No one stirred in the darkened house. Her parents had probably passed out from drink by ten o'clock. Her younger sister would have cried herself to sleep.

She had used damp tissues to dot away the blood and a warm washcloth to ease the pain. She could do nothing about the hurt inside. She felt small and

defenseless. She looked at eyes reddened from tears. She felt the aches from where he had slapped her breasts and punched her stomach when she struggled against him. She cringed in horror at the thought of his hand loosely around her throat and his voice harsh in her ear: "Lie still or you will not survive this night."

Would he have carried out that threat? She chose not to find out.

The next few days she had withdrawn into herself. She had lain sullen in her room, had barely eaten at mealtimes, had felt the innocence drained from her.

The hurt had ebbed in time. When a boy at school approached her, saying "I hear you can be a fun date," she went with him and others who came to her because she had lost the will to refuse.

She inhaled deeply on the last of her cigarette. She still could not refuse. It had been that way when she met Richard, when he enlisted her to work with him, when Jonathan Frey told her she would kill, when she had held the gun given to her the day before. Refusal was weakness, she thought, and weakness had been raped from her when she was 16.

A cab came slowly to a halt in the street in front of her. She rose from the stoop,

gave the driver the address as she settled into the back seat, and watched the buildings rush by. In half a day, another innocence would be pulled from her. She tried to think of others she might have, but nothing came to mind, merely the knowledge that she would be more of an instrument to be used after tonight. It felt good to be needed. Would she accept the moment she was no longer needed as easily? Would it come as shock or a moment of bliss she had never known?

* * *

Clarice stood in front of the sliding glass door, her right hand in the crook of her left elbow, a cigarette nearly burned to the filter between two fingers. She looked at the buildings across the street, silent on this Sunday afternoon. She wore faded black jeans that flared around soft shoes. Her brunette hair had been pulled back into a severe ponytail, exposing her high forehead and nearly lobeless ears. A dark gray sweater hung loosely about her.

"Wear dark colors," she had been told. "It allows you to blend into the night."

Hadn't she always blended in? Nothing more than the woman who made herself available, who became the body in bed, who eased a target's fears, who dressed as Richard calmly strangled or stabbed or beat the target to death de-

pending on the scene they wanted to leave for the police to find?

She turned from the sliding glass door, stubbed the last of her cigarette into an oversized ceramic ashtray on the coffee table, and looked at the gun resting nearby. Such a small piece of metal, she thought as she picked up the extra bullet she had been given. So light and yet so deadly. She put the bullet against her temple. Right here, she thought. It would enter, travel through the brain, perhaps shatter the skull on the other side. Would death be instantaneous? Or would there be a moment of consciousness left in which to scream inside?

glass of wine, looking at the stove's clock. Still an hour until Richard would call and tell her where the assignment would be fulfilled. She had spent the ten hours since she returned at five in the morning sleeping. She had the hours before with a congressional aide and his girlfriend, something merely to pass the time. She would find someone else to pass the time with later, but would it be enough? Already, the thought of what she would do came to her as an aphrodisiac, tingling sensations rushing through her and settling deeply in some part of her brain that was more sensual than the sexual areas.

She took a deep breath, nostrils flaring. Would the moment come as orgasmic



She dropped the bullet into the ashtray. It clattered a bit before coming to rest next to the cigarette. It was all a game, she told herself, and she was tired of games.

In the kitchen, she poured herself a

as sex? Would it thrill her? Would it bring her a new appreciation of her senses? Would the someone she selected afterward see the newness in her eyes? Would it make him or her or them more fearful or more aroused? Or would the newness keep her from be-

coming excited?

* * *

The chilly breeze cutting through the winter-bared trees came to Clarice as a roar. The steps she took gingerly across the barren ground crunched as clumsy footfalls. She should be shivering. Instead, she prickled with sweat as she moved closer to the trees.

She had taken a taxi to the McDonalds at the corner of Marlboro Pike and Boones Hill Road, listlessly nibbling on a fish sandwich and a few fries, washed down with a mocha latte. At six-thirty, she had walked down Marlboro Pike until it became Bowen Road SE and then Alabama Avenue SE. She had turned right onto Massachusetts Avenue SE, walking until she found the rental car Richard was using for this assignment.

Traffic on Massachusetts had begun to thin. She had smoked a cigarette until a lull in the traffic allowed her cross the sparse grassy area and melt into the trees. The directions had been simple: Walk straight for 75 yards, timing her arrival for seven-forty.

Fifty yards in, the sound of traffic became muted. She stopped and fitted the latex glove over her right hand, flexing her fingers several times before slipping her hand into her jacket pocket and

wrapping it around the gun. She stuck a cigarette between her lips, curled her left hand around the lighter, and cupped the glowing cigarette in her left hand. Faint silvery beams of moonlight cut through the trees as she cautiously stepped forward, eyes darting right to left and back again until her glance found Richard. She stopped.

He leaned against a tree, Kyrenia Chandler kneeling before him, her back to Clarice. Just like Richard to get some last-minute jollies. Clarice could see that Richard, despite whatever pleasure he was feeling, was glancing in her general direction. She took a final drag off the cigarette, the glow of the coal revealing to Richard where she stood. He nodded slightly and placed his hands on either side of Kyrenia's head, not to help her, but so that his palms over her ears would muffle any sound.

Clarice dropped the last of her cigarette and slowly crushed it beneath her foot. She withdrew the gun from her pocket, letting the weight of it pull her right hand down. The moment had come. She closed her eyes for a moment, recalling the ease with which Richard carried out these moments. He had never hesitated. Would she? Would the gun be snatched from her hand? Would she listen to the gunshot, relieved it had not been her hand on the trigger? That would spare her, but it would make her

useless.

She opened her eyes. She would not hesitate. She moved forward as silently as possible, marveling with each step how intent Kyrenia was on the task at hand. She did not look at Richard. One step away, and still Kyrenia kept up the steady motion of her head. Should she wait? Let Richard have his moment?

A small smile crossed her face. No, she would not. Clarice reached forward and aimed the gun at Richard's chest. "You can get up now, Kyrenia."

Richard's brow furrowed in puzzlement as Kyrenia pulled back and stood. Clarice reached into the left pocket of her jacket and pulled out another gun, handing it to Kyrenia, who took it gingerly.

"What's this for?"

"Togetherness."

"Clarice?" Richard's voice came softly.

"Too late." She pulled the trigger three times and heard Kyrenia's gun bark twice. Clarice watched each bullet enter and the flow of blood, so black in the night, soak his shirt. Richard slumped to his knees and toppled sideways, dead before his head hit the ground.

"It had to be done," Kyrenia said,

"I know." Clarice turned to Kyrenia, standing so close now, the flush of the moment clearly evident in the glow of moonlight sifting through the trees. "It will haunt me, though."

"It always does." Kyrenia brought her left hand to Clarice's cheek. "But not for long."

"No, I suppose not." Clarice leaned forward until her lips touched Kyrenia's, a soft brushing that rushed deeply. "Is it always so arousing?"

"Yes." Kyrenia's words came as a soft whisper against Clarice's lips. "More so now because there is only always us."

The kiss inflamed. It came open mouthed with tongues playing and bodies pressing and lust rising. It came as emotion open, as want unbridled, as need nearly fulfilled.

Kyrenia broke the kiss, looking into Clarice's eyes. "It's time."

"Yes, it is."

The silence after the soft kiss was broken only by the retort of a single gunshot.

* The End *

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Kaya Music Club

YOUR PLACE
FOR WORLD
MUSIC



Icanhaz (32,197,33)
Contact Shajen Miles

PhotoHunt



by Hitomi Tamatzui



photo by Roxy (chrysterox)

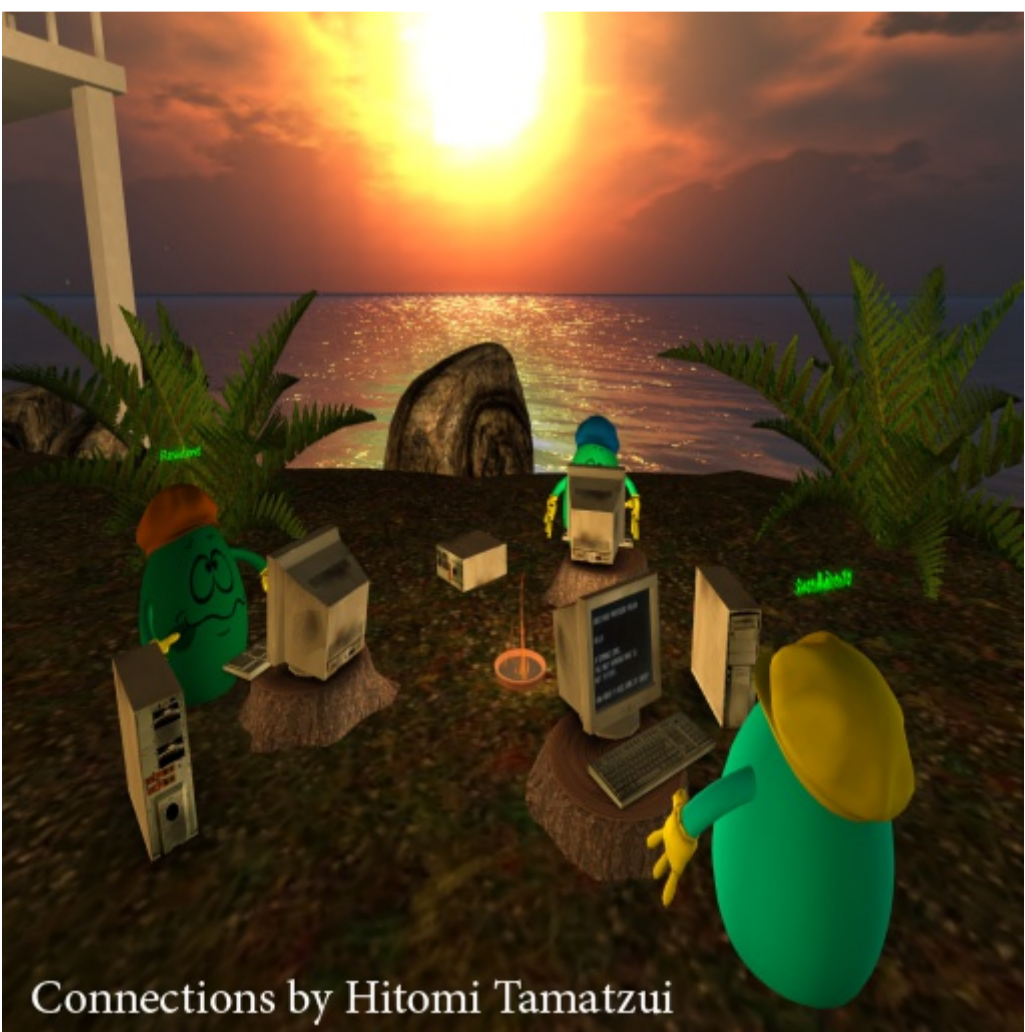
It's the typical hunt day. Just waiting for the right time, the place, and the subject. I have my equipment ready. The field is crowded. We all feel the tension rising as the hour approaches. As the moderator approaches, we are all jumpy. He explains the rules and announces the location. GO!

What it is, is the Virtual Artist Alliance's (VAA) PhotoHunt Contest at the Linden Endowment for the Arts (LEA). All the participants register and transport off to a website to create the best photograph they can within Second Life. No outside modifications, no photoshopping, no cropping. You can fly, float, and pan; but you have 60 minutes before the hunt is over and you present to the gathered photographers and spectators your absolute best for that hunt.

Originally, the LEA committee discussed the idea of a hunt as a way to have fun, and bring more people to the LEA sims. The purpose of VAA is to provide artists in Second Life with creative opportunities, and to unite people and groups into artistic collaborative experiences. Dave Koi explained that there's a group of core hosts that make the major decisions, but mostly he sees it as a community-owned and run show. Because of that fundamental belief, he took steps a couple years ago to create a PhotoHunt account that is separate from the hosts themselves. In this way, PhotoHunt becomes its own entity, and all the items involved with running PhotoHunt can go with it. Hosts can come and go, and the hunt lives on. It's those who take part and invest part of themselves in the PhotoHunt ideals that become a part of the community and the PhotoHunt entity, and so it becomes an ongoing community-owned and run show.

PatriciaAnne Daviau runs and hosts the PhotoHunt @ LEA program, which is an add-on to the PhotoHunt main program. Only LEA sims are used for the hunt. The ones chosen are finished being built out, and may be interesting to photograph and to showcase. The theme is based on the sim theme, and decided by the LEA PhotoHunt committee.

I joined the group on Thursday, Febru-



Connections by Hitomi Tamatzui

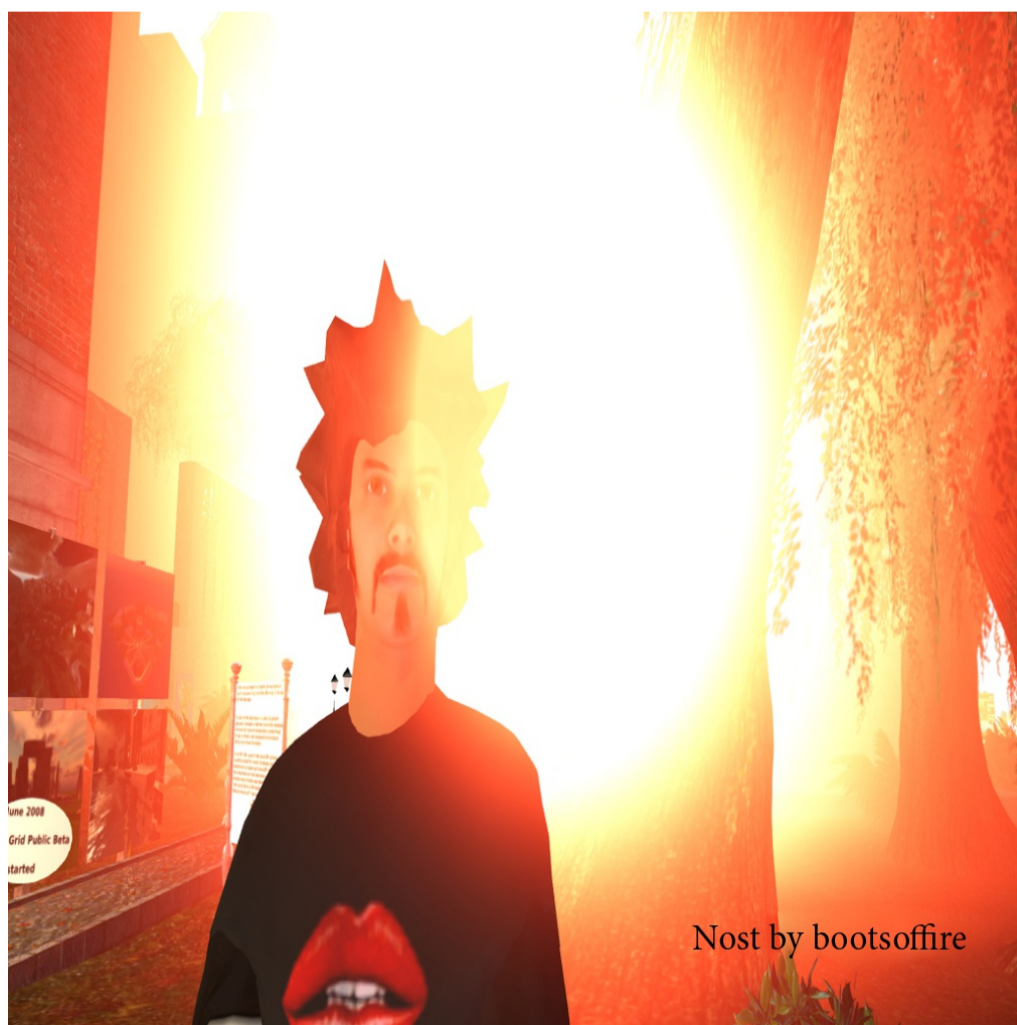


SL History by Corcosman Voom

ary 18, at 6 pm SLT to try my hand at creating a photographic masterpiece. Nine photographers had registered that night, lyn (Lynn Kristan), Corcosman Voom, Roxy (chrysterox), boots (bootsoffire), NT (Nightripper.beck), Johann Reisende, Keista Aljon, Jonesy (bol30), and myself at LEA sim 3 (<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/LEA3/54/235/42>).

people around and the chance they will teleport out at any second, it's difficult to catch them in a good light and composition. On an average hunt, he says, he will shoot three or four subjects, changing the Windlight settings on several shots. Normally, he will save 15 to 30 shots on disk in about 40 minutes and then take 5 or 10 minutes looking at them to decide which one to upload.

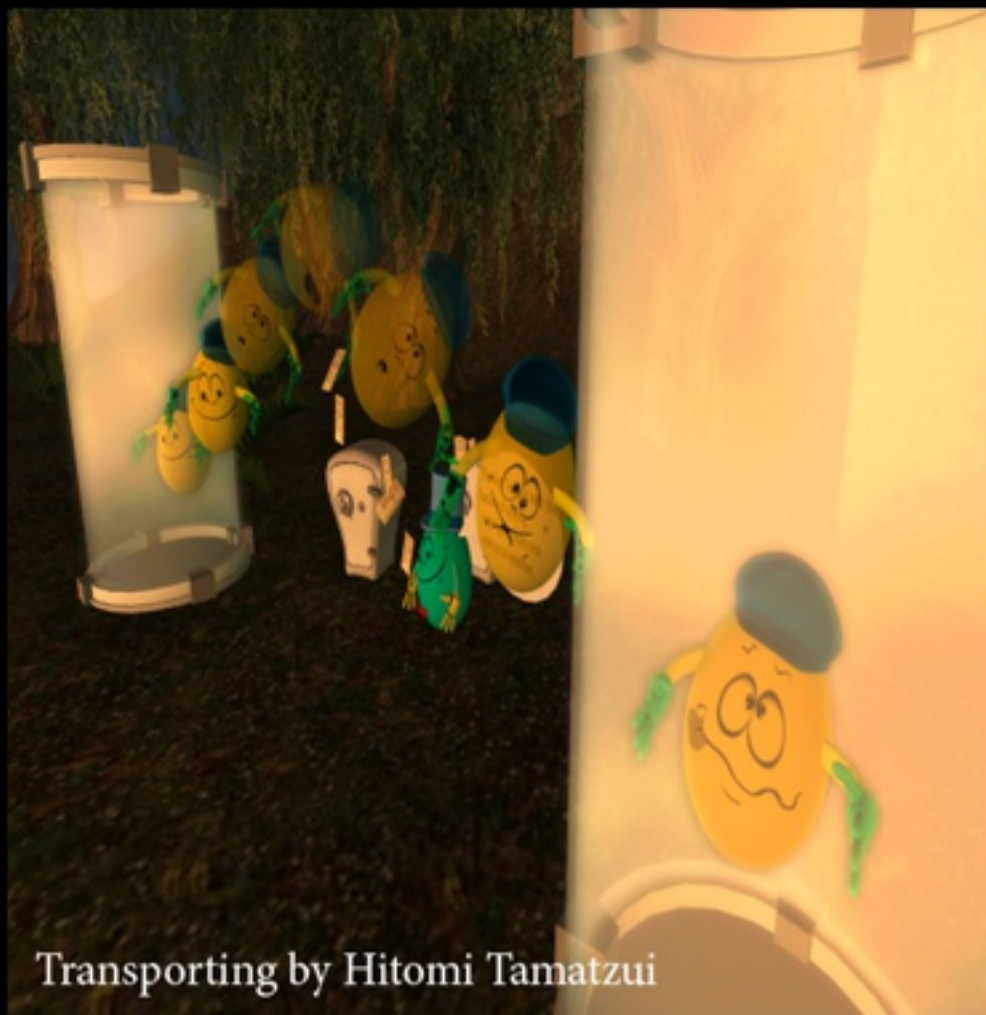
Corcosman Voom started joining in the hunts as early as March 2008. An amateur photographer, he usually comes once a week to the 6 pm hunts. He recently joined the team that hosts the hunts, so that reduces the number of times he can participate in any given month. Corcosman says he looks for anything that will make an interesting composition, whether it be avatars, objects, or landscapes. His personal favorite is a candid shot of interesting looking avatars. With AOs moving



Nost by bootsoffire



Statue by Nightripper Beck



Transporting by Hitomi Tamatzui



Nostalgic by Kiesta Aljon



Nostalgia by Johann Reische



Everyone tp'd over to LEA sim 17's exhibit, History of Second Life (<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/LEA17/128/128/2>). The theme is "Nostalgia" and the search was on for the best subject. I walked through the sim noting good subjects. Fifteen minutes in, I find - and did a quick shot of - five subjects. Are they nostalgic? Reviewing them, I went back.

How can I do better? Change the lighting environment, change the Wind-

the tree limb is in the way. The original SL statue - - too obvious. Oooops - - running up the Lindens at L\$10 per photo.

I choose between two subjects - - a funny depiction of transportation and several old time computers trying to connect. Transporting back to the PhotoHunt site, I finally choose the transportation photo. It is posted on the board for all to see. The others start to fly in and begin posting their photos.



light, and change the time of day. Look for a better angle. Too much background, get in closer, pan out more. Time is passing. Go to the next subject. Pass another photographer. I tried several shots of the burning man statue - -

By 7 pm, all have joined the gallery and we begin to vote. You can vote for more than one, as long as it's not your own. I see two I like and vote *UP*.

All images will be archived by the Pho-



Greenies by Lynn Kristan

toHunt moderators. Winners and any other prominent works will be displayed in the PhotoHunt @ LEA gallery for public viewing, archived for public viewing on the LEA website and published without compensation to the yearly PhotoHunt anthology books. What's nice is that all artists retain the copyrights to any work submitted to PhotoHunt contests.

A PhotoHunt occurs every Monday @ 11:30am SLT, the LEA hunt on LEA sims every 1st & 3rd Wednesday @ 6pm SLT, and a gridwide VAA hunt every 2nd & 4th Wednesday @ 6pm SLT. When the last has voted, the win-

ners are announced: third place to Roxy; second place to Nightripper, and ... drum rol l... first place to Lyn for *Greenies*. Prizes are given out based on donations received.

How often can one take first place? PatriciaAnne Daviau says she's never won a prize. But it depends, says Corcosman. He doesn't really know, perhaps 10 times over the years. A long time ago, winning the

vote count became less important to him than getting a good composition that he liked and that he thought might appeal to other people. Dave Koi replied, "Actually I've personally won, I think, only twice in seven years. But then again, five of those I've been hosting, so it's no surprise."

View for yourself the various images submitted and decide - - would you agree with the winners? And if you were me, which of the two pictures would you have submitted?

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Quebeckers

by Elysienne



to americans
i am a foreign french speaking canadian
most just want to know about our independence movement
or the "french" takeover of montreal

to british people
i am french, almost like a parisian
which is nice because I have a fashion cred
i may not deserve

to quebeckers in the cities
i am an old stock quebecker
who likes the rock scene
with one gaelic grandmother
and with magoua speaking country roots
and indian ways
like simple silence when i don't want to talk

to the quebeckers of the country
i am a child of the land
who knows how to clean a combine
and shoot animals

to cree
i am the little cousin
dancing in pow wows
and round dances
no full bloodedness
who knows what a rez truck is
and the Indian Public Transit system
(hitchhiking)
white skin and reddish hair
driving a rez truck in the summer
picking up cousins on the way
but with an unwritten culture
that lives inside me

intersecting
modern quebec
with all the streams that run wild inside
my country is rivers
round dances
mes lanlires et mes latins and kweih wachiyas
my native land is winter
in the kingdom of poutine and kayaking
moins français qu'Indien

Elysienne
26 Jan 2015



Artist or

An interview with
Edger (Trouble)
Sweetwater

Arsonist?

by Ken Hodge

The music industry has changed in many ways in the digital age. No longer do people buy albums (records); instead, they download songs, often for free. Older artists, who should be off the road enjoying the easy life and collecting royalty checks, find themselves touring to pay the bills. Home studios and small recording labels are more prevalent now than the major recording companies with their big overpriced studios. Promoters no longer pay the bills for a tour or album release on their own; it's typical to have corporate sponsors involved.

Many of these factors have created new avenues and venues for artists to use for getting exposure. New artists have been discovered after posting YouTube videos. Others perform in virtual worlds and have achieved limited success, compared to current industry standards. True talent can be found in virtual worlds!

I interviewed one member of The Tiny Maniacs, the band that backs up Keeba Tammis during her shows in Second Life. Edger Sweetwater is one of the founding members, lead guitarist, and pyrotechnics director of this unusual collection of performers.

How did Edger get his start in the music business? "It started back in high school with a friend who played drums," he said. "We'd go to his house





at lunch time to get high, and he'd play his drums along with the songs that came on the radio. I was very impressed that he could play almost every song that came on. I encouraged him to join a band, and he did.

"When he finally found a couple of guys who were worth playing with, they started doing gigs, and I helped by moving equipment. After about two years, they managed to get the attention of a minor local label and started recording an album. That all ended when my friend had a breakdown from doing too many drugs. That was the end of my first try at the music business.

"My second attempt was in promotions and merchandising. Similar end when one band member's wife told him to choose between her and the band. He chose her and that ended that for me.

"I worked as a drummer in the mid-nineties. I played in a cover band and did ok. We had a good following and I made some cash. I was living the rock 'n roll lifestyle and most likely heading for an early grave, until one of my girlfriends got pregnant. I did not want to miss the birth of my child, so I quit the band and became a father. That may have been the best decision I ever made. That was back in the late 90s and I continued to play drums for some years on my own but never worked



with another band until now. This is a completely different experience, being a band member in a virtual world. My avatar has been known to catch on fire during shows!"

The Ever Burning Edger explained: "The only true musical performer at our shows is Keeba. The rest of us are just a side-show. Don't get me wrong - - the members of the band put a lot into the shows; we just do not play RL (real life) instruments. Most performers in Second Life go on stage by themselves, using an avatar, and sing their songs in real time. The difference with Keeba's show is the band; we add to the performance and make it a truly interesting show."

Keeba performs using a human female avatar, but her back-up "band" is

something else and unique. Edger explains, "The members of the band - - well, we're not human. For example, I am a Hatchie (small young Dragon), about three and a half feet tall. Other members of The Tiny Maniacs include Ferrets, Rabbits, Cats, a Skunk, Foxes, an Opossum, and a miniature Zebra. All of these avatars are anthropomorphic (bipedal), so we're not running around on four legs." The band makes jokes and has conversations with each other, which engages the audiences during the show via text chat. A member of the band will also go into the audience and interact on a more personal level.

Edger adds, "Performing with Keeba allows me to be home with my kids in the evenings and still express my artistic side while being a father." Perhaps the greatest thing about virtual musical performances is not only the exposure for the artist but the ease of access for the audiences. "If you're tired of the club and concert scene but miss live musical performances, you should give virtual worlds a try. I invite you all to log on and check it out. There is no cost to open a Second Life account, and the venues do not charge admission. So get in there and enjoy a night of live music entertainment. The virtual music scene offers interesting shows, venues, and performers that you will not see RL."

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